Fen. Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a Prieſt,
And tarry ready at the appointed place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

Hoſt. But how will you come to ſteale her from among them?

Fen. That hath ſweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,
I ſhall be ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound vnto thee,
Beſides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They ſay there is good lucke in odde numbers,
Ioue transform'd himſelfe into a Bull,
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fatteſt
In all *Windſor* Forreſt: Well, I ſtand heere
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page and Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ: Page. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Miſ. For. I ſir *Iohn*, I ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.

Fal.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my hornes, Ile bequeath them to your husb
Do I ſpeake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Miſ: Pa. God forgiue me, what noiſe is this?

There is a noiſe of hornes, the two women run a
Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr, and boyes dreſt like F
Miſtreſſe Quickly, like the Queene of Fairies
ſing a ſong about him, and afterward ſpeake.

Qui. You Fayries that do haunt theſe ſhady g
Looke round about the wood if you can eſpy
A mortall that doth haunt our ſacred round:
If ſuch a one you can eſpy, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and ble
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hugh. Come hither *Peane*, goe to the Co
houſes,
And when you finde a ſlut that lyes aſleepe,
And all her diſhes foule, and roome vnſwept,
With your long nailes pinch her till ſhe cry,
And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwifery.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu Wher's *Pead*? go you and ſee wher brokers
And Fox-eyed Seriants with their Mace,
Goe lay the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when th'are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes blew and red.

Quic. Away be gone, his minde fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.